

A decorative border in a dark blue color, featuring intricate floral and scrollwork patterns that frame the central text.

Fast

LittleBitOffanfic

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Summary:

Fandom: IT

Character: Patrick

Relationship: Patrick/reader

Request: YAY! So for Patrick could you write one where the reader(fem) is a normal student, just keeping with the flow of high school ,neither popular or unpopular and they know Patrick is an asshole and insane but hey he's hot and you can't help staring at him, which eventually Patrick catches on and for some reason doesn't pick on you and even walks you to class and such:)

Fast

you were sitting in class, your head lolling lazily on the palm of your hand while was held up by you propping your elbow on the table. You weren't really paying much attention to the teacher; your mind had travelled everywhere else.

Your eyes lazily looked around the room, falling on to each person individually as you tried to keep yourself from falling asleep. Then they met a pair of eyes.

Patrick was sitting the row beside you, leaning back in his seat with one arm lazily dangling over the back. His body was turned slightly toward you.

He smirked at you before winking at you, his tongue running over his lower lip. This small action caused your cheeks to feel like they were on fire as your head snapped back to the front of the class.

You heard him let out a low chuckle.

Over the last couple of weeks, you had noticed that he seemed to have taken a interest in you. Not a bad interest, the gang didn't pick on you, nor did he really talk to you. But you did catch him staring at you, not that you could really talk.

You didn't know how long you had been attracted to him but you did know you hated yourself for it. He was absolutely insane and there was no doubt about that but you couldn't stop thinking about him. He towered over you like he did most of the students. Maybe it was because he was a 'bad boy'. He wasn't like the rest of the town and you were drawn to that.

You were pulled from your daze by the bell ringing. You stood up with the rest of the class, shoving your books in your bag.

You waiting for the majority of the class, including Patrick, to file out the door before following. As you dodged past groups of people, you heard your name being called from behind you. You turned to see Patrick walking towards you, a small smirk on his face.

"What up?" You asked, smiling at him and you noticed people watching you as they walked by.

"We've got History together, right? I thought I escort you, m'lady." He smirked, making you blush slightly. Your eyes widen for a moment, and you realised you couldn't say no to him. You nodded and he started to led the way.

"You were off yesterday." Patrick said. You felt like it was meant to

be a question but came across as a statement.

"Yes, I had the dentist. Good news is I don't need braces." You shrugged, you and Patrick walking past more people who were staring at you both. Come to think of it, apart from the gang, you don't think you have ever seen Patrick going about with anyone.

"Shame, you'd look cute with braces." Patrick suddenly said. If your cheeks hadn't been red before, they were bright red as you looked at Patrick. He winked at you, biting down on his lower lip. You knew you had a number of sets of eyes on you and you had to say something.

"No one looks good with braces." You giggled, shaking your head as you leaned to the side. You felt a hand wrap around your wrist and you were pulled into a side hallway that was empty and spun around to face him. You were somewhat

"I mean it." He mumbled, his arm wrapping around your waist and you were pulled against his chest, a smirk on his lips.

"You'd better watch. People will start to think we're dating." You mumbled, ducking your head to try and hide your growing blush that was starting to burn your cheeks. You heard Patrick let out a low chuckle that sent a shiver down your spin.

"Good." He muttered, before ducking his head down and capturing your lips in a surprisingly sweet kiss. Your eyes fell shut automatically as you found yourself responding to the kiss.

But the kiss quickly turned from sweet to passionate as he pressed you up against the lockers, both his arms wrapping around your waist as your hands came up to grip the shirt he wore, trying desperately to hold on to some form of reality.

You cursed yourself for liking this so much, for not pulling away or resisting. Not only did you not resist, but you were kissing him back, and eagerly.

The kiss was short lived when you heard laughter and kissing noises from your right and Patrick pulled back. You looked to the side and wanted to disappear into the ground when you saw Henry, Vic and Belch making fun of you.

Instantly, you thought maybe it was a set up. Maybe this was all a joke, until you felt Patrick pull you close and let out a growl at his friends.

"Just you cant get a girl, eh Henry?" Patrick mocked and you saw the group of boys fall silent. Taking this opportunity, he pulled back from you, wrapped his arm around your shoulder and started to guide you

out, past his friends who were still in shock.

You bit down on your lower lip, noticing many people were now whispering. After Patrick walked you to class, sat beside you with his arm over the back of your seat, kissed you when the bell went and walked you out of school like he was attached to your hip, it would seem most of Derry knew of the relationship that was forming between you both.

You noticed that, when he wasn't with the others, he was actually rather sweet. You could get used to this as you walked through the park and towards your house.

"So, can I pick you up later?" Patrick asked, but this time you felt it was more a statement. You couldn't help but smile as you leaned against the frame of your door, your fingers playing with your keys.

"well, considering you kissed me in front of half the school, I think you owe me an actual date." You giggled, raising an eyebrow as he laughed, nodding.

"Yeah, I think you're right. How about the cinema? 6 o'clock?" he stepped closer, his hands settling back on your hips and rubbing circles there with his thumbs.

You nodded as he ducked down for another kiss.

With that, he pulled back and left, winking to you as he did. About 30 minutes later, you had a couple of girls you knew from school knocking at your door, asking if it was true you had make out with Patrick.

News sure did travel fast.